

The Standard

No. 6,183

BUENOS AIRES—SUNDAY, JANUARY 21, 1883.

XXII. YEAR.

PARRY & Co.

Articulos Incomparables

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PIDEN Y EXIDEN LOS VERDADEROS PRODUCTOS

Se venden en todos los principales Almacenes.

The Standard

SUNDAY, JANUARY 21, 1883.

Associated Press Telegram

HAVAS AGENCY

Paris, 19th.

Nothing decided yet in reference to the Flouquet Bill.

LATEST NEWS

Press Telegrams.

Monterey, 20th.

Papers still discussing the Missiones Question.

The Brazilian Minister's frequent visits to President Santos in his quarters.

Ann Walsh has just arrived from Portland.

Amortizables going down.

Buenos Aires, 20th.

Big lot of Paven wool sold at 42 cents.

Santiago del Estero, 20th.

Sugar cane crop will be larger than ever known before.

Water Works will be established in this city by Government.

ARGENTINA IN SCOTLAND.

The following excellent article on this country we find in the Glasgow Herald.

One of the principal Glasgow papers, written not by a Government agent but by a merchant, who knows the River Plate thoroughly, and its great superiority over other countries, that at present absorbs three-fourths of the emigration from Scotland. We may safely say that no class of immigrants in this country has achieved better results than the Scotch and Irish, and yet there are few countries in Europe where the Plate is less known. Even in Glasgow we meet many parties who thought Buenos Aires was a part of the Brazil. Publications such as we extract now from the Glasgow Herald, therefore come to be a certain weight in circles and latitudes which perhaps no paid Government emigration agent could reach. It is all the more noteworthy that Europe, carrying on business in the Plate, published similar papers, how much greater would be the impulse of capital and emigration to this country. The thanks of the Nation are due to this Glasgow merchant for his excellent paper, and we trust Dr. Plaza, Minister of Foreign Affairs, will be the medium for conveying to him those thanks abroad to follow so worthy an example.

The news which continually reach us from the Argentine Republic show the rapid progress it is making in the extension of its railways, the increase of its agricultural industries, and number of its colonies. In the enjoyment of peace and stable government, it has entered fully upon the development of its immense natural resources, and it cannot be wondered at that under such auspices its credit should stand so high in the London market. Nor is it surprising that within the past few months one million pounds sterling were there subscribed for several times over at par for the prolongation of a section of the Transandine Railway.

The immense strides that the agricultural industries of the country are taking would lead to the supposition that in a few years hence they will form one of its chief sources of wealth, and the large tracts of land fit for the production of maize and wheat will make it one of the chief countries to which Europe can look for her supplies. A few years ago the country was importing her breadstuffs from the United States and Chili, and intent upon increasing her military and naval strength, while neglecting the cultivation of cereals, but with the late extension of her railways and the influx of hands to cultivate the soil the agricultural productions are almost doubling yearly in the provinces of Buenos Aires and Santa Fe. In the latter province there are 54 colonies, occupying about 200,000 acres of land, almost exclusively dedicated to the pursuit of agriculture, and in all of these are to be found the most modern and improved implements of the principal agricultural engineers in Great Britain and the United States for sowing, reaping, and preparing the grain for market, which is

strong testimony of the promising material position of the farmers who are able to purchase such expensive implements. Although only one-half of the land in this province is fit for growing cereals, at present under cultivation, the production of a good harvest reaches about 150,000 tons, and there is this promising feature about it that all the colonies are owners of the land cultivated, there being no single instance of the farms being tenanted, no doubt on account of the facilities afforded to be obtained in becoming proprietors. When railway communication is extended from Rosario, the port of shipment, to the more distant colonies in the interior of this province and the west, great impetus will be given to the production of cereals, and whilst we write this is being actively pushed forward in different directions.

In the province of Buenos Aires, which wheat is grown largely, greater attention has been bestowed upon the cultivation of maize, 85,000 tons of which were exported during the last season, and adding to this the quantity still in stock for home consumption, the yield for the year amounted to nearly 180,000 tons. The various lines of railways are being bordered by agricultural farms. The land requires a greater value for growing cereals than for grazing purposes, and as the soil is rich and free from forests, it only requires the ploughshare to make it productive. The industry is yet in its infancy, but with increased facilities for bringing the produce to market, it will be readily perceived that its future is immense.

No country offers greater advantages to the emigrant than the Argentine Republic. The climate though not oppressively warm is much less variable than either Canada or the United States, and well suited for English settlers, and no department of industry is as yet choked with labor. There are more prizes in the lottery of life in the Argentine Republic than in most other countries; no man there need fear hunger, and industry guarantees independence to all. But to the agricultural classes the Argentine offers temptation as in it he could find land and have capital to improve the soil for others, not less of primeval forest, entail, and settlement for the sale or transfer of land. Land conveyancing does not, as here, interpose its slow and costly process to forbid the purchase or sale of land. It can be disposed of as easily as a plough or a piece of cloth, and a man's nationality does not preclude him from being the owner of land. Rent of agricultural land is here an unknown term. For a smaller sum than a lawyer would here demand for making out a lease a man may become a cultivator of his own acres. Then, free from every fear for the future, he may put his labour and capital into the soil in the sure and certain hope that the produce will belong to himself and his heirs for ever, that there will be no danger from rent-raising, and that in possession of that which the bold German peasant told Frederick the Great was his idea of "freedom"—a gun, a vote, and a piece of land—he may "possess his soul in peace, under his own vine and his own fig tree, near his door, and make him afraid." Should he choose to remain in agriculture, he may step in to mitigate his sorrow, as his position would be worse, but it will not.

"I will not skin and flay thousands of people, what can corruption mining all within reach of my hand?"

LONDON LETTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

GENERAL NEWS.

Dec. 22, 1882.

The war scare has cleared off, but the question remains: What did it mean? The only clue to the answer is in the fact that a certain party in Austria are opposed to the German alliance. Count Herbert Bismarck, in his recent visit to Vienna, seems to have detected symptoms in some quarters of a leaning towards France and Russia. On his return to Berlin the ubiquitous German papers received their orders to malign the military preparations of Russia, and represent them as a direct threat to the Austro-Hungarian empire, only to be saved by the disinterested friendship and protection of Germany. At the same time the scare served as an excuse for completing German railways on the Russian frontier and for the erection of barracks in military stations. The German official gazette ingeniously reminds us that these preparations are not intimidations of immediate hostilities, they are the friendly rivalries of England and France in guns, armaments, and ironclads.

Three great trials are closed, or about to close—the Bontoux case in Paris, the Pelzer case in Brussels, and the Bontoux case in London. M. Bontoux and Pelzer have received a very severe sentence against which they have appealed, and the case will be reheard in February. They have, in the meantime, received a sentence that convicts them as common criminals—five years' imprisonment for the heavy fines. The offence was simply that of obtaining money on false pretences, of fraudulent subscriptions, their bank by fraudulent statements of facts as well as of accounts. The lesson which may be drawn from the trial of these men, who must have felt themselves usually favored by the idea that as little painted shoes was the end of a "city."

This "city" requires a find, a couple of thousands dollars to complete a monument of the hero whose name it bears, and it appears that money is rather scarce in this province locally. The editor of this *Provincia* found this

means of raising the wind without making the pockets of the worthy citizens; and as it is over the case with grand dissolvances, from the time of the egg of Columbus, the solution of the difficulty is as simple and plain as the nose on one's face.

Who would have thought the transformation of Belgrano from a town, or rather village, into a city, by means of a simple decree of Governor Rocha, would have at once transformed the editor of a little one-shore paper into a financial notability. I beg of him to believe that there is in W.P. a humble admirer.

The wonderful solution that the editor of the *Provincia* published, for the admission of his fellow citizens, of the difficult question of raising the necessary funds, is as simple as I said, as it is grand. It is only to cut down the head of the horse, and sell the head, and there are the funds at once! I question very much if the Republic possesses another man capable of such a brilliant idea, as England could only produce one Arkwright, and the U. S. one Whitney, their inventors of the Cotton Gin.

This profound editor, would that I knew his name, goes to the trouble to give his reasons; as if reasons were necessary to convince people of the palpable wisdom of his proposition. He says: "That since the town is raised to the rank of a city, trees in the streets become quite unnecessary. This is a knock down argument; in fact unanswerable!"

Then, the trees are not only unnecessary but they prevent the lamps from lighting the streets, and the handsome edifices are hidden by them, and that the shade causes dampness.

Bravo, then, greatest and most sapient of editors!

I would even go farther, I never was an admirer of Morris' song of the Woodman, save that tree!

Why should the people of Belgrano admit themselves in woody groves? I would oblige them to cut down all the trees in front of the houses, and sell them for the benefit of the monument. I have felt so savage walking through that town, I beg pardon, "city," and not being able to admire or criticize the style of architecture of the buildings; and that is worse, knowing that the house contained one or more of the lovely horrors Belgrano is so celebrated for, and that the people who had not the slightest suspicion of their wife, devoted all his attention to his work.

An unforeseen incident set the wick on fire. It was necessary that others should come to this pueblo in order to care the sheep on the estancia. Amongst other "mestizos" came a married couple, the wife of which called the husband to her flighty and immoral conduct.

This woman became a beam of light in the darkness of the town, and her husband, who was a man of no account, was energetically objected to by Luciano, which caused some very disagreeable scenes, though never of a violent character.

The powerful influence that this woman, by her bet example, obtained over the mind of Luciano, and even now when she has taken up with her new and villainous lover, is not easily to be determined. It is certain that she was divorced from her husband on account of her bad conduct; and, banished by Luciano, she left the pueblo where she had caused so much evil.

Luciano and Mariana were again alone, and the bad impression which she had made on Luciano, and which he had completely forgotten, was again brought to the fore. Mariana asked her husband the following question:—

"What would you do if I went off with another man? Would you follow me?"

"Do you forget the oath we swore when we were married, and which we will always carry out?" he answered.

"Most certainly," he followed up, and kill you, as we agreed on."

Mariana held down her head and kept silent, but, owing to the acuteness of the gauchito, he saw at once that this question had not been asked in vain.

"Why do you ask the question?" said Luciano.

"To see if you still remember our contract," she said.

No more was said on the subject. On the following night Luciano returned from his work, and when it was time to retire to rest, told Mariana to do so, but she excused herself under the plea of wishing to sew a garment for the boy, who was then sleeping. Luciano retired and did not awake until the dawn of day; and the awakening was painful. He was alone; the wife had abandoned her home, leaving her husband and son in the lurch, and he was a witness in time past of her infidelity.

The wound which she caused Luciano by this act, who loved her sincerely, was profound. He looked at his son, the only companion that remained, and felt that his blood circulated with strange violence. Mariana had fled, naturally thought Luciano, she must be in company with Montenegro. But where have they gone? That day was a very heavy day at the pueblo. He worked with feverish anxiety, and at night returned to the still tenanted rancho. This night days passed, during which Luciano appeared ten years older in supporting the moral suffering that weighed him down.

Bad news travels fast. A rumour reached him that Mariana and her husband had been seen in a pueblo on the Estancia Chica, distant some four leagues. The problem was solved. Luciano took his son and left him in charge of a neighbour until he returned from the journey he was about to make.

Mounting his horse, he rode at full gallop towards the pueblo, allowing as

little time as possible to elapse, so that he might be able to fulfil his pledged word.

Very little of the journey remained to be accomplished when his horse gave in, owing to the high speed at which he had urged him on. Luciano dismounted, and, following the banks of the stream, walked on until he came to the beaten track, when he saw Mariana coming in the direction of the river. Knife in hand, he stood before her and upbraided her for her false conduct. She, after using some harsh words, turned and fled towards the house.

Luciano retained in his memory that scene, and affirmed with tears in his eyes and sincerity on his lips, that if she, though disgraced, would ask pardon for her sin, he, whose arm trembled and whose heart palpitated with the heat of compassion, and who still retained a love for the mother of his son, would surely pardon her. But she fled, looking for protection in her lover's house. This conduct enraged Luciano, who, running behind, overtook her, and buried his knife in her body.

It is surprising that 21 stabs did not occasion the death of a feeble woman. Without a doubt, Luciano had not thought to wound her; and each stab he gave her was intended to be a lesson. He had, however, been told by her lover's house, that she had been seen in a pueblo on the Estancia Chica, distant some four leagues. The problem was solved. Luciano took his son and left him in charge of a neighbour until he returned from the journey he was about to make.

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much time as possible to elapse, so that he might be able to fulfil his pledged word.

Very little of the journey remained to be accomplished when his horse gave in, owing to the high speed at which he had urged him on. Luciano dismounted, and, following the banks of the stream, walked on until he came to the beaten track, when he saw Mariana coming in the direction of the river. Knife in hand, he stood before her and upbraided her for her false conduct. She, after using some harsh words, turned and fled towards the house.

Luciano retained in his memory that scene, and affirmed with tears in his eyes and sincerity on his lips, that if she, though disgraced, would ask pardon for her sin, he, whose arm trembled and whose heart palpitated with the heat of compassion, and who still retained a love for the mother of his son, would surely pardon her. But she fled, looking for protection in her lover's house. This conduct enraged Luciano, who, running behind, overtook her, and buried his knife in her body.

It is surprising that 21 stabs did not occasion the death of a feeble woman. Without a doubt, Luciano had not thought to wound her; and each stab he gave her was intended to be a lesson. He had, however, been told by her lover's house, that she had been seen in a pueblo on the Estancia Chica, distant some four leagues. The problem was solved. Luciano took his son and left him in charge of a neighbour until he returned

